



WE PRINT
Accidents, Marriages and
Scandals With Great Cheer
BECAUSE
WE KNOW
WHO OUR SUBSCRIBERS IS
WE ALSO PRINT
JOB WORK

BINGVILLE BUGLE

INERTIA FATUM
PARIT
BY
NEWTON NEWKIRK

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EVERYBODY
WANTS
SUMTHINK
WHAT IS THE RESULT?
THEY GET NOTHINK
ADVERTISE
IN THE
BINGVILLE BUGLE
And See What You Get



WES LIT RIGHT ON TOP OF THE BEAR.
SEE HORRIBUL PATICKULARS BELS



WHILE OUT HUNTING LAST SATURDAY
WES WOODRUFF, OUR EXPERT HUNTER AND TRAPPER
GOT LOST IN A SNOW STORM ON SAWRIDGE MOUNTAIN

SAM SLADE AND HEN WEATHERSBY
HAD ANOTHER GAME OF CHECKERS
TOTHER NITE FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP



MRS. UNDERWOOD CHOPPED DOWN A
TREE WITH FOUR COONS IN IT

THE BINGVILLE BUGLE

The Leading Paper of the County
Bright, Breezy, Bellicose, Bustling



How doth the poor little bee
Improve each shining hour—
By gathering honey all the day
From every opening flower.

The cheapest advertising medium in the
County. If you believe in advertising come
and see us. For further information call on
or address the editor.

We was pretty hard put to it for a subject to write a editorial about for this issue being as we have used up most every subject you can think of and some of em twice during our strenuous career as editor and prop. of the Bingville Bugle, until suddenly we happened to think of the subject of "Charity—and What Good is It?" and how scarce it is in this community, so we immediately dashed off a editorial about Charity.

We calkilate it will be just as well before we go any further to explain to our army of subscribers just what charity is being as the chances is they don't know what it means from a dog's hind leg. If old Granny Hillyer for instants, would agree to go to the poor farm and end her days where she would be took care of for nothing instead of depending on her neighbors for her living and being so partickler and independent as a hog on ice into the bargain, that would be charity. Charity is doing something for somebody else who ain't able to do it for themselves. There is another illustration of what charity is in the Bible where that feller was sick and lame and laying by the road side and hollering for help and a Republican come along and passed him by on the other side and didn't help him none, but by and by there was a Democrat passed by and bandaged him up and give him a drink and done all he could for him. That's charity. The Bible also says that of faith and hope and charity the greatest of these is charity.

It would be a good thing for Bingville if there was a little more charity in our midst. At present there isn't none so far as we can see. Or if there be any it's so scarce that you can't scarcely notice it with the naked eye. Some time ago Mrs. Sim Gookins went into Hen Weathersby's to buy a chintz dress pattern and Hen showed her a green pattern with a white figger in it which pleased her terrible well for as soon as she saw it her heart was set on it, but it happened that she didn't have enough money with her to buy it so she went away and said she would wait until she sold more butter and eggs.

Well, while Mrs. Sim was waiting for the hens to lay and dream-

ing of that dress pattern by night, along comes Mrs. Snod Petersby to Hen's store also looking for a dress pattern and when she found out that Mrs. Sim's heart was set on the green chintz she bought it right on the spot and paid for it and took it right to Phoebe Hilderbrand's to be made up into a dress. Last Sunday when Mrs. Sim found out that Mrs. Petersby had purchased the dress she wanted she was as mad as a wet hen. Last Sunday Mrs. Petersby wore her new green chintz to church and was the cynosure of all eyes. After church the wimmen folks got to talking about the new dress and Mrs. Sim declared she thought it was the ugliest dress pattern she ever set her eyes on being as she couldn't abide green and that Hen wanted to sell it to her at a bargain because it was damaged and had been in stock nineteen years and that it didn't fit Mrs. Snod no place and that she couldn't wear green nohow because it didn't go with her complexion and so forth.

The way Mrs. Sim talked is what we call absence of charity.

Another place in our midst where you don't see no charity is in the Bingville church. Sunday after Sunday the contribution plate is passed around and what is put into it? we ask. Nothing but a few cents and some nickles with holes in them and pantz buttons and apple parings, etc., too numerous to mention. Is this charity? Not by a blame sight! To be charitable is to give of your substance according to your several ability and to give with your left hand without letting your right hand know anything about it. To give with your left hand and then holler about so as everybody in the community can hear is almost as bad as not giving at all. Let us be more charitable in the future than we have in the past. Let us help others. Let us all pay our subscriptions to the Bingville Bugle ungrudgingly and with cheerful hearts. Subscription books now open.

Lafe Burnt Some

Lafe Whitacre, one of our most respected townsmen, had the pneumonia in his face last week and put a mustard plaster on same and went to bed. Later Lafe fell asleep. He don't know when he awoke, but when he did he run to the window and throws it up and hollered fire. The fire dept. did not respond promptly. In fact it didn't respond at all being as it was a terrible cold night and the members decided to wait until morning and then if the fire still raged to put it out. What made Lafe holler fire is that he thought he was burning up. The mustard plaster which he went to sleep with on blistered the entire left side of his face which is now so sore that he can't laugh it hurts him so. But it cured the pneumonia.

SIRPRISE

For Wes Woodruff, Our Expert Hunter & Trapper, Who Was Scart Most to Deth While Visiting His Traps, but Denies It to Everybuddy

Wes Woodruff, our expert hunter and trapper, had a awful thrilling experience one day last week, we forget which, that will hunt Wes's dreams for lo these many nights to come. As everybody knows Wes makes a livin by trappin in winter time, but it ain't a very good livin becuz what he makes from his furs in winter ain't scarcely enuff to tide him along through the summer, when he don't do nothing much except fish and hunt for recreation and in this respect there ain't nobuddy in Bingville and vicinity gets any more recreation than Wes does.

Well, tother morning, Wes started out to visit his traps as usual, and when he got way up on the side of Sawridge Mountain, where he had saw bear signs a few days previous and had set a bear trap. Wes was a good cal amazed and surprised to find that the trap which had been tied by a chain fast to a small log chunk had been dragged away through the snow.

When Wes discovered bear tracks and set the trap he was amazed to find a bear out and about this late in the season, being as he said he would bet his last chew of tobacco that all the bears was dunned up for the winter, but Wes thinks that the warm weather which follered the January thaw brought this bear outen its den.

When Wes discovered that the trap had been lugged off, he cocked his trusty rifle and started on the trail of it. Every little while he would see where the clog had got fast and the bear had thrashed around something awful until it pulled it loose again. Thus Wes follered the trail of the bear for over a mile, clean up to the top of Sawridge Mountain, expecting to come up to it every minute, put a bullet into it, take off its pelt and return to Bingville conscious of a day well spent.

Upon the top of the mountain, however, the trail suddenly disappeared over the edge of a ledge about 12 feet high and Wes, as he snuk up to the edge of the ledge and peered over to see what he could see had his foot to slip on him and down he went, heels over head, which wouldn't of been so bad, but ridiculous as it may seem, Wes lit right on top of that bear, who, when it had jumped or fell down over the ledge, had stumped in the snow to sort of rest up and recuperate as you might say.

There is no telling who was the most surprised, Wes or the bear, but each one of em acted as if they was the most surprised. Wes says that was the biggest black bear he ever seen in his born days, and when he lit right on top of it, the bear give a grunt and then a bawl and away it went down the mountain side dragging the trap and clog and all and throwing the snow in all directions.

Wes, he throwed down his gun and started tother direction as hard as he could go, but later after the bear was outen sight and hearing, he snuk back and when he got his gun in his hands he felt a good deal more brave and heroic. Taking up the trail again Wes follered along until he found where the clog had got fast betwix two trees and the bear had been going at such a terrible pace that when his happened its foot come loose outen the trap and it went on free and unhampered as you might say.

Wes, he stood there cussing fate for a while, after which he slung the trap across his shoulder and lugged it all the way back to Bingville in deep disgust.

Wes says he ain't afearred of bears only he don't like to fall right smack down on top of em when they ain't expecting it, becuz it scares em so.

Locals

It looks like rain or snow, we hardly know which.

Time alone will tell.

Jasper Hawkins, while chopping the ice outen his watering trough tother morning so as the stock could drink had the ax to slip on him almost cutting off one leg but not quite. The blade barely grazed Jasp's skin and it made him so weak to think what would of happened if that ax had of hit him that he had to set down and rest.

Mrs. Martha Tucker and Jabe Tucker, her husband, had some words at breakfast tother morning. It seems that Martha has been feeding Jabe on frozen hens' eggs and selling the good ones to the store. Jabe says he don't mind a froze egg once in a while, but he hates like blazes to be tied down to them.

Mrs. Cy Hoskins opened up her last jar of sausage recently. She says she can't remember when sausage didn't last until into February. Although she put up as much as usual this year Cy has been eating unusual hearty of sausage this winter.

Eph Higgins, our enterprising p. m. desires us to a nounce to the patrons of the office that he will close the office until further notice for a few days, owing to lack of patronage and being as he will be busy cutting up some wood which he ought to of cut up last fall.

Lem Brown, our all around carpenter, whittled a ship out of pine with his penknife during odd hours this winter which is now on exhibition in Hen Weathersby's store. Lem is turrible handy with a penknife.

Bale Hawkins took a load of baled hay to the Co. sea on runners last week. Bale gets \$1.50 per bale for it delivered.

Mrs. Abe Witherow burnt herself with a iron on last Tuesday, but is better at this writing. This is the second time Mrs. Witherow has burnt herself with a iron this winter. We regard this as a remarkable coincidence.

While out hunting last Saturday, Wes Woodruff, our expert hunter and trapper got lost in a snow storm which came up on Sawridge Mountain and didn't get home until Sunday morning. Wes said he tramped all night becuz he would rather do that than

to set down and freeze to deth while he rested. He didn't shoot anything. Amos Hillyer, our talented loryer and legal light, wishes us to a nounce that hereafter he will not tolerate any persons or person expectorating tobacco juice on the floor of his office. Ame says his clients is welcome to come to his office and play checkers, but when they get so they don't have no more respect for the law than to spit on the floor they had better remain at home.

Just as we go to press Lafe Hinsley of Snake Bend dropped into the Bugle office to pay up his subscription as we supposed, but it seems that all he come for was to get his feet warm, which was almost froze by walking to Bingville from the Bend. Such is the life of a newspaper editor and publisher.

Personals

Ad Stringer, one of our most respected citizens, had dyspepsia again. Ad eat three pieces of mince pie before going to bed the other night and as a result he hasn't been feeling well ever since. Anybody who has a weak stummick oughtn't to eat more than two pieces of mince pie before going to bed.

Sam Slade and Hen Weathersby had another game of checkers down to the store tother night for the championship of Bingville. Along about midnight Sam got Hen pinned up in the kingrow and while Hen was studying Sam went to sleep and fell over, upsetting the board and spilling the checkers all over the floor and so the game was declared a draw.

Gid Smalley met with a turrible disappointment last week. His wife killed his old domineck hen which always lays eggs with two yells in them, not knowing which hen it was. It worried Gid turrible, but what is the use to worry when the hen is dead and gone? Gid said he couldn't eat a bite of her he was that attached to her.

We had a awful time printing the Bugle last week being as the ink was chilled so it wouldn't spread any faster than cold molasses and it was so cold we couldn't keep the office het up.

Lige Henderson called at this office for some old copies of the Bugle to spread on cupboard shelves. We told Lige they would be 30 cents for 6 and Lige said he thought being as he was a regular subscriber to the Bugle we oughtn't to charge him anything for said papers. We told Lige being as he was a regular subscriber who had not paid anything for 15 years the price of the old papers ought to be about \$5. Lige got mad and said he would pay up and stop. We wish to goodness he would. We could afford to have him do it.

Sam Hayward and wife of Elderberry Gap Sundayed with Mr. and Mrs. Cy Hoskins. Sam says he always likes to visit Bingville where he has many friends. Come again Sam, and your wife, too.

Hes Underwood while chopping timber on Pine Ridge last week chopped down a tree which had four coons in it. Hes captured one coon which was killed by the fall. Tother three escaped.